

The LOVE R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

*Crede mihi, quamvis contemnas murmura famæ,
Hic tibi pallori, Cynthia, versus erit.* Proper.

Tuesday, March 31. 1714.

I Should be but a very ill Guide to others, in the Ways of this Town, if I continually kept in my Lodge; I do sometimes make Excursions and visit my Neighbours, whose Manners and Characters cannot but be of great Use to the Youth of this Kingdom, whom I propose to conduct in Safety, if they will follow my Advice. It is the Business of a Pilate to discover Shoals, Rocks, and Quick sands, in order to land his Passengers in Safety. I shall take Pains to hang out Lights, but if those who Sail after me will rather chuse to be stranded, where I have given them signal of Danger, than follow my Course, their Shipwrack is not to be imputed to me who lead them.

There are now in Town, among the Ladies who have given up all other Considerations to gratify themselves in one sort of Delight, Three Eminent above the rest for their Charms and Vices. The first can only please Novices; the second seeks only Men of Business, and such of them as are between Fools and Knaves; the third runs through the whole Race of Men, and has Arts enough about her to ensnare them all, as well as Desire enough to entertain them all. These Ladies are professed Courtizans, and live upon it.

The first I shall give an Account of is *Jenny Lipsey*. All Creatures of Prey have their particular Game, and never dream of any other. *Jenny* never aims at any but Novices, and she makes her Advances with so much Skill, that she is seldom without two or three in pursuit of her, who are in their first Month of a Town-Life. I sate by her, a Week or two ago, at a Play; there was seated just before her a pretty sung Academick, who, I observed, was destined for her Entertainment that Evening. There sate by her a coarse Hoyden in a black Scuff, who seemed a Servant Maid stoln out with *Jenny* on this Frolick to a Play. *Jenny*, at every thing which

(Price Two Pence.)

passed in the Play that had little Sense in it, was so delighted as not to contain her self from loud Laughs, but particularly checked her self, with a well-acted Romp-like Confusion, when she was observed by the pretty young Gentleman; her Maid professing, in a lower Voice, she would never come abroad with her again. Many kind Looks however passed between my young Gentleman, and one he conceived as unskilled in the Town as himself. She begged his Pardon, two or three times, for pressing upon him negligently, and hoped there was no Offence, in such a Tone and Voice, and such a natural Impertinence, and want of Judgment, as would have deceived any Man in Town but *Roger Veterane*, who suspects every thing. My young Spark offered his Service, at the end of the Play, to see her out; *Jenny* said he was a Stranger to her, tho' he looked like a civil Body; but her Maid interposed and said, If the Gentleman will get us out of the Crowd, there can be no harm, since she would keep with her.

The second Woman of Consideration is that artful shy Dame *Madam Twilight*. This Lady has got a Step or two in Age, Experience, and Address, beyond Miss *Jenny* abovementioned. She has been above these ten Years known for what she is, but she has preserved such a Decency in her Manners, and has so little Frolick in her Temper, that every Lover takes it she is as much pleased with him, as he with her. *Twilight* therefore has passed her ten Years Libertinism in short Marriages, rather than different Riots. The many Gallants, whose Relief she is, treat her with Civility and Respect where-ever they meet her, and every Man flatters himself it is the Necessity of her Affairs made her take such a Toose, but she certainly loved no body but him. *Twilight*, as I said, is never outrageously joyful, but can comply with a Whisper, and retire very willingly



ingly with great Reluctance, seldom discovering Desire enough to overcome the Confusion to which her Compliance obliges her. But I must leave her Character half drawn, and in the Drest she often affects, a Veil, to hasten to her who gives me most disquiet of any of her Sex; when I am endeavouring to save the Free and Innocent from the Slavery to which she affects to reduce all Mortals, especially those of Merit.

This Lady, who is the Heroine of to-Day's Paper, as well acquainted with this Town as the Plains of Arcadia, dignified and distinguished among the loose Wanderers of Love by the Name of *Clidamira Dustgown*, is Mistress of the whole Art of Women; she can do what she pleases with whom she pleases, and I have not yet known any one that could save herself from her but by flight. She can, as Occasion serves, be termagant and haughty, if the Follower is in his Nature servile; then again so humble and resigning to those who love and admire none but themselves! She can lead the Conversation among raw Youths who are proud of being admitted into her Company, and will Lisp and grow so Girlish, and prevail upon hardened and experienced Rakes of the Town, who are above hurting any thing but Innocence. *Clidamira* is a Female Rake; the Male ones, I just now observed, affect mostly to have to do with the Innocent, and *Clidamira's* Passion is to deceive and bubble the Knowing. To indulge this Humour in herself, she has all the Learning of a Spark of the Town, is deep in Miscellaneous Poems, Plays, Novels and Romances; has the Copies of Verses, Scandals and Whispers all the Winter, which are brought forth in *London* and *Westminster*; all the Summer those produced at *Epston*, *Tunbridge*, and the *Bath*; her Lewdness is as great, and her Understanding greater than that of any of her Admirers: By the force of the latter she is as much courted, even by those who have had her (as the Phrase is) as the finest Woman whose Charms are yet untasted; her Skill is such, that her Practice in Wickedness has not at all made her Hypocrisy of Innocence appear awkward or unlovely, but she can be any thing she ever was, to those who like what she was, better than what she is, the most accomplished Frolick, and dissolute of all Wenches. What makes me have no Patience with *Madam Dustgown* is, that she is now laying all her Snares, and displaying all her Charms, to withdraw my Heart from *Mrs. Page*. But she shall die; I will sacrifice her, to gain a Smile for that Merit from my own incomparable Fair One.

Clidamira has at this time three different Keepers, a rich Citizen, whom she has Orders, upon Occasion, to write to in the Style of a Widow who wants his Charity; a Married Man of Quality whom she is to address, so as that his Lady, who is jealous as a Statesman, and admires her Lord for the fine Gentleman in the World, might read it; her third is a Gentleman learned in the Laws, whom she writes to as his Client, when she has a mind to raise small Sums to support her lavish Gallant, who lives upon gratifying her real Passion; and sharing the Hire of her Prostitution. It was necessary last Week her dear Comrade should have a fine Horse he had seen; she levied the Price of him upon her Slaves by the following Method. She writes

To her City Friend.

S I R,

DID I not know what Acts of Charity your Worship daily does, and that your good Lady is as inclined to do good as your self, I should not take this Liberty to move your Compassion to the Widow and Fatherless. If your Worship's Business should divert you from taking Notice of this according to Direction here-under written, I shall presume to wait upon your Lady my self.

I am, &c.

The latter Circumstance being a Threat, immediately produced a Largeß above her ordinary Gallery.

The great Skill is to write Letters that may fall into any Hands, even a Wife's, and discover nothing. Her Style to my Lord was thus.

My Lord,

IS it possible you can doat with so much Constancy on the Charms of a Wife, to be blind to the thousand nameless things that I do and say before you, even in her Presence, to reveal a Passion too strong to be smothered?

My Lady pouts ten Days after the intercepting such a Billet, misinterprets every Look and Sentence of every Friend she has, and keeps my Lord waking till he has dived into the Matter, and fined for his Quiet to *Clidamira*.

Her worthy Chamber Council is captivated at the prodigious Wit of the Creature, when she sends a bundle of old Parchments from *Widow Lackin*, and has them lodged with his Clerk with a couple of Guineas, and underwrites she will give him his Brief at her own Lodgings. The busy Creature, who is in Joy when he is not actually taking Pains, is so exquisitely exalted at the Wit, Cunning and Address of deceiving that notable deep Discerner his own Clerk; that, for fear of appearing too dull for an Hint himself, Cash is immediately conveyed to his Client, as left with him from the Person who is to lend the Money upon the Mortgage. Thus the Sly Thief shows, tho' he is a Man of Business, if he would give his Mind to it, he could be as notable a Gallant as the best. She is accommodated, and her Council is cheated in Raptures.

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